

The WESLEYAN



DECEMBER

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CONTENTS

PAGE

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER (Poem)—Ruth Pike.....	49
HER LAST HOUR—Elizabeth Day, '19.....	50
CHRISTMAS GIVING—J. W. W. Daniel.....	52
"A MODEST PROPOSAL"—Leila Legg, '17.....	57
A CHRISTMAS TREE—Verna French	59
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT	66
Y. W. C. A. DEPARTMENT.....	69
ALUMNAE NOTES	71
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT	73
LOCALS	76

The Wesleyan

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THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER

RUTH PIKE.

*The clouds hang low upon the seething sea,
And dash the waves in wild and raging beat
Upon the rocks where all alone is he
Who points to shore the storm-tossed, floundering fleet.
So nightly he his summons doth repeat,
"This light doth shine for you, for everyone;
Here's hope, and life, and joy, my brother, come!"*

*So in our journey on a restless sea
When burdens press and life storms round us beat,
We strive and labor onward day by day
In effort to keep safe our struggling fleet.
A voice comes o'er the waves so strangely sweet;
We look afar and see our Father's Son,
"Here's hope and life and joy, my brother, come!"*

HER LAST HOUR

ELIZABETH DAY, '19.



IN this great city in which I live, there are many people who think me famous, yes, and some even who consider me capable of healing all manner of sickness. But as I sit in my easy chair before my brightly-burning fire this Christmas night, I see the dim outline of my favorite picture—Her Last Hour—through the shadows playing around, and I realize with the utmost humbleness that there is only one great Healer, and He only can save. It is strange how such a little thing as a picture can recall such poignant memories.

My thoughts go back as I gaze to another Christmas night five years back, when, having just received my picture as a gift from a friend, I was standing in front of it admiring its beauty. Suddenly the ringing of the bell broke in upon my reveries, and my man, after a hurried conversation over the telephone, informed me that I was wanted at a certain beautiful residence near by as quickly as I could get there. Although long accustomed to such calls, I was greatly troubled, for I knew that a little friend lived in that house, and instinctively my thoughts turned toward her.

This little mite of a child was beautiful and innocent and frail looking. She had never heard any of the world's great wickedness, for she was both deaf and dumb. From the first she had taken a strange fancy to me, and, though she was so small, she filled a great place in my Irish heart.

As I walked rapidly toward the house—the snow preventing the using of my car—I thought of the loving mother who had tried so long and so faithfully to get her child to say the one word "Mother." Sometimes she would come to me in despair and say that she would never succeed, and then again, with her eyes shining brightly with hope, she

would tell me how nearly she came to winning in the long struggle. As I entered the room I knew that my worst fears were not groundless, for, lying in the snowy white bed in the hushed stillness of the room was my little Lassie, fighting hard for breath. She had been awakened from sleep by this terrible croup, and upon examining her, I knew that no earthly help could save her.

I think it was the most pathetic sight I ever witnessed—the father himself nearly prostrate from grief trying to console the mother, who was pleading frantically with her child to just whisper her name. It was then that I realized that “words are the physician of a mind diseased.”

After a time the little form became quieter, and just as her spirit was passing away, she raised her eyes to those bending above her, and said softly, with great effort but quite distinctly, “Moth-er.” Then the soul of her went away to its resting place where all is understood and there is no need of speech.



CHRISTMAS GIVING

J. W. W. DANIEL.



WRITE for the Christmas number of *THE WESLEYAN*? Just what might be appropriate? Articles for this magazine should be appropriate, whether one feels like writing them or not. But who ever wrote an appropriate thing under a promise? The following words helped toward a decision: "Well, I am going to get through with my Christmas things early this year." It was a woman, of course, and while she spoke she was busy with some kind of little instrument and a large blue thread, joyfully completing a beautiful little gift, soft and fluffy, "made by hand." She seemed to be rejoicing because there were many more to make, for her friends. Would a few remarks, even though rambling, about Christmas giving be appropriate?

At the Christmas season, to give or not to give is not the question, but rather, "What to give?" For we all give then, if ever. Is the question often enough "To whom to give, or why?" Regardless of whether such custom of giving came with the gifts of the wise men to the new-born babe in Bethlehem, or with the fusion of pagan and Christian ideas, the Christmas gift has long been an institution. And a beautiful custom it is, but one that may be abused.

We can hardly say that we abuse this custom by giving "not wisely but too much." Most likely we give "not wisely," but rarely do we give too much. Lack of the proper spirit accompanying a gift, or the manner of giving, may almost make it a blow—"so much is there in the way of doing things." Is a gift really a Christmas gift if it carries

with it the idea of balancing off an obligation? Suppose it carries the intention of putting one under obligations. What if it has any one of other ulterior motives? Does the material value of a token, particularly if this value is surprisingly great, spoil it as a token? Does one sometimes accept a gift only because to refuse would be to offend the giver? If one who accepts a present can be pleased with it only in proportion to the greatness of its exchange value, regardless of his relation to the giver, what would he not accept? If we could just realize the importance of the spirit that prompts the gift! "Somebody gave her a flower"—just a flower—and it changed a woman's life and made her sing for joy. A little package in the mail has often dispelled the "blues" and sent a man whistling to his task transformed. "He who loves with purity considers not the gift of the lover, but the love of the giver."

One says, "If I do not give this for a present, I'll be considered a 'tight-wad.'" But a "tight-wad" is a "tight-wad" still, even if on some occasion he seeks to shield himself from the epithet by giving an amount all out of proportion to the demands of the situation. Where one is really not a "cheap John," and yet gives to prevent his being called such, he does a thing of which he does not approve simply to avoid the disapproval of others. He lacks that independence that makes a really strong character know that "to expect justice in this life is sickly sensibility," and that "we should be able to get along without it." Here, not conscience, but custom, has made a coward of him. And a gift beyond one's means with such a motive is not far short of a crime. It is not much better where the object is to put the bestower into favor with the recipient of the gift. This is a form of graft. "I shall prize this as one of my choicest possessions" is said about a goodly number of presents, subscriptions for which were started by some employee who wished to continue his job over into the next January.

A Christmas gift which is properly made is almost sure to leave with the one who makes it the feeling that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

A very good kind of gift is the one that was expected but never did come. It is good for him that did not give it and for him that did not get it. But if one is ever pardonable for expecting gifts, it is when he expects them at the Christmas season. Still, the gift that is a surprise is the one that gives surest pleasure in both its going and its coming. But where one is too much tip-toe in expectation of presents, or will accept just anything from just anybody, he is dangerously near to having the spirit of a mendicant. He is vulgar, if not immoral, in this attitude.

People like things "made with the hands." Somehow in them is more of personality, more of intimacy, more of the friendship and real love of their maker than in things just bought from the market. But what could a man make with a "little instrument and a big thread,"—even if it were a red thread? Just imagine a box filled with things a man made with his hands! Doubtless the box would be about the only thing that would not surprise the recipient, even if he were expecting the present—and especially if she were expecting it.

In selecting things not made with the hands we often let the burden of choice become unnecessarily great because we forget that the favored friend does not, on the receipt of the package, see the contents in their relation to the market display from which it may be very hard to choose. It may be well that in many cases we see not our gifts as the receivers see them. But we can again fall back on the "spirit that prompted them." As things go we frequently, in making donations, do not put the ones of highest price into the hands of our truest friends any way.

But if we are going to the flooded markets at the approach of the holiday season, and not "make with the hands," why not choose a good book—not "goody goody"—a suitable book, to send to a friend? For people old or

young, grave or gay, there are books and books that are "just right." What a world in good books!—those "embalmed minds," those "lighthouses erected on the great sea of time;" those "faithful mirrors that reflect to our minds of sages and heroes," those "cathedral windows of the soul." You can think of a "man without a country" and love and pity him. But in this day of the world's history, what do you think of the "man without a book?"

*It may be that for him you have pity,—
It must be that on him you heap blame;
To live now without searching for knowledge
Is to live in contentment with shame.*

The gift of a book involves the responsibility of knowing something of its contents, if we are not to fall in with the fad of the hour—just giving a certain book because others are giving it, or letting the salesman decide, after the frequent "What do *you* think is best?" The choice still means care. We should at times give something that the donor knows is best, even if at the same time the benefactor may not think so. A book has frequently been the occasion for the turning point in a life, and a gift for which he became more thankful as the years went by.

It is not simply gifts for charity that should be made with wisdom. The Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving—Spugs—was not organized to prevent giving. Not less, but more giving it would like to see, and with the same initials we have the Society for the Promotion of Useful Giving. Now, it is probable that there has been more useless giving about Christmas times than at any other. A little toy that seems useless to grownups may be a very useful gift to a little child. But to pile them up around him until toys tire and distort his taste is worse than useless, and an injustice to the child.

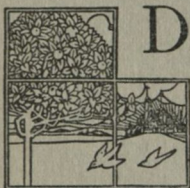
People who are least able generally give most, relatively. This is not saying that they give too much. It emphasizes the importance of letting their gifts be useful. If we are

"stewards" of large amounts in our possession, might we not be held more strictly accountable for our use of our wealth if it is only small in amount? Just a short time ago this idea of being "stewards of our wealth" was looked upon as radical idealism. Then is it not interesting to know that recently one of the most practical men of the South, and probably her wealthiest citizen gave his views on this subject? This is what he said in a speech:

"All property, whether of mind or of matter, is sacred. Some years ago a brilliant but dangerous man advanced the idea of conflict between property rights and human rights. It was a false but catchy doctrine, a counterfeit coinage that found ready circulation in anarchistic and socialistic circles. The right of property is next to the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. A man holding property holds it at the will of the Divine Creator, and he is subject to eviction without notice and without option. All the resources of the earth are placed at our disposal as stewards, and for our stewardship we are responsible to God."

At Christmas times our giving takes on a kind of irrational, reckless, intemperate character. It is not less giving that we would plead for, but less thoughtless giving. For "to know, to feel, to do aright and best, each and all in all and each of the fields of human activity," is just as applicable in the field of giving as in any other. "He gives not best who gives most, but he gives most who gives best."

“A MODEST PROPOSAL”



DO not suppose, gentle reader, from the above title, that we are about to precipitate you into the midst of a psychological moment of interrogation of some loving soul—far be it from us to pry into so private a scene, for we have nothing to do with the everlasting “yeas” and “nays” of such situations. This is not a romance, for we have never entered into a study of that affectionate parasite which poetical biology calls “love.” We have only watched the suffering host in its most acute parasitic conditions, and as painful emotions should be excluded from good literature, we will not attempt to introduce this element, for our magazine is not the “Proper Receptacle” for such. However, if any of our readers are so tenderly and fondly constructed and so thoroughly under the sway of the Romantic Movement that all efforts at Classicism jar harshly on the tender membranes of their hearts, we will excuse them from the discussion before us and allow a moment for all such to retire. But before bidding farewell to this retiring contingent, we should like to say for their benefit that we have some pamphlets in our private office that might prove interesting to them!

* * *

So much for the prologue. If Jonathan Swift will accept our apology for the usurpation of his title for our theme, we will greatly appreciate it and proceed a little more Swiftly. The aim of this article is to set before the public a little proposal which we consider most modest—we wish your co-operation in doing away with all forms of literature in the world. And as charity begins at home we would solicit your aid right here in our great institution. Literature is an art that stimulates and broadens the intellect, that touches the soul, and supplies the heart with “noble

grounds for noble emotions," and therefore we do not want that "divine spark" which it is conceited in humans to even acknowledge the presence of; it raises Wesleyan to a rank among sister colleges which we should endeavor to diminish; it cultivates a polished expression on the part of the girls which we consider most hypocritical. In fine, it is a step toward human perfection and happiness in that it gives to us the best thoughts of others that they may be a "consolation and a stay," and we do not desire such. Once more let me commend you for your attitude, and co-operation in helping to exterminate it. It is with unbounded joy that I see the efforts of that malicious body known as the "Wesleyan Staff" being thwarted on all sides by your refusal to contribute your talents to their schemes of debasement. It is with exultation that we witness them pouring their heart and soul and energies into an enterprise that is sure to fail with just a little more perseverance on your part. They are trying to ignite the flames of genius in your soul, but take care and be on your guard against their incendiary motives, and your talents will pass through the fiery furnace of their ambition unscorched and be as dormant as before. They can not light a fire in your soul if you continue to stifle the first flames by your reiteration of the words "I can't." "I can't write" are the three words that will put down the endeavor to "know and propagate the best that is known and thought" at Wesleyan. Continue to use them and our ideal will soon be reached.

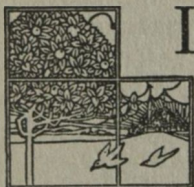
Please do not think that I have let personal enthusiasm enter into the foregoing article, for I have only stated facts, and I declare in the sincerity of my heart that I was not prejudiced against THE WESLEYAN, for I am the

JUNIOR EDITOR.



A CHRISTMAS TREE

VERNA FRENCH.



IN front of a shop window, dazzling with the splendor of Christmas, stood a little boy and girl, almost purple with cold, for they were a ragged little boy and girl. Their admiration of the things that delight all boys and girls at this time knew no bounds, and oh, how they did wish for just one great big old boat that would sail on the water, and just one dolly with curly hair and eyes that would open and shut!

"Buddie, do you 'spose that Santa Claus will forget us this year again? Don't you 'spose he'll find our house this year and bring us something?"

"Naw, he won't! He'll do jes' like he always does, course. What makes you think he'd do any different this year?"

"Seems like he can't jes' go by and go by our house every Christmas. I do wish I could talk to him. Maybe he'd feel sorry for us then. Let's write him a letter, Buddie."

"All right, Sister, but where'll you send it? I never heard where he lived."

"I don't know, Bud. I guess he'd get it if we jes' dropped it in the box, don't you?"

"I'll see that Santa Claus gets that letter if you write it. I'm on my way to his house now," said a tall young man who had come up with a beautiful young lady, and happened to overhear this conversation of the two little tots. They had been sitting in a large car in front of the store, and had come to do their Christmas shopping, mostly for their own circle of friends and relatives. But the sight of these two ragged children opened their hearts, and not only curiosity, but pity, made them hesitate and listen to their childish wishes. The Spirit of Christmas is abroad at this time, and there is a wide sympathy for all human creatures throughout the world. So it was with these two young people; they were very much engrossed in their own happiness, but now they forgot selfish desires to bring a little happiness to this little girl and boy.

"Here, boy, give me your papers and come show me what you want old Saint Nick to bring you. Then we'll write a letter to him. How's that? He'll be sure not to miss you this Christmas, for we'll put your address in the letter."

The young man took the boy's papers, and led him into the warm store, while the beautiful young lady put her warm wool scarf around the shoulders of the little girl and followed them.

These children were very poor indeed. Their father had died as a result of a drunken brawl some months before, and the mother, on account of worrying over her husband's neglect and bad habits, was almost an invalid. They lived in the poorer district of the big city in a little home sadly in need of repairs at this bitter cold season, which the brave little mother had managed to keep her husband from mortgaging. But she did not see how she could keep it much longer, for they were in dire need of the actual necessities of life, and the meager earning of her small newsboy son would not begin to meet all their expenses. Once she had a brother who was younger than she and who was always ambitious. She knew that one day he would

achieve success, but since her marriage she had lost track of him, as this marriage was entirely contrary to his wishes. Had she known of his whereabouts, even, she would have hesitated to apply to him for aid, although she felt sure that he would have gladly rendered her any assistance that lay in his power. Now as Christmas was approaching so fast, she felt utterly helpless and forsaken, more for her children's sake than her own, as so many Christmases had gone by without their participating in the joys and good things of this the greatest day of the whole year. But one more such Christmas would not matter much, and possibly next year would be brighter.

She would not have felt so despondent if she had known that the tots were as happy as they knew how to be, in the big store into which the young man and lady had taken them. So many beautiful and wonderful things did they see, all entirely beyond the grasp of their imagination. They were so overcome by the splendor of all these things that they could not collect their thoughts in order to tell their new-found friends what to write in their letter to Santa Claus. But finally the little boy said that he wanted Santa Claus to bring him a sweater and a pair of good stout shoes for the sloppy weather, and the great big boat of his heart's desire that could sail on the water, besides some nuts, candy, and fruit for his mother.

"Well, here's an engine with a whole train of cars, and tops, pistols, skates, sleds, a little auto that you can run yourself, and all these other things. Don't you want some of them too?"

The little boy's eyes grew big with the enumeration of all these long-desired things, but he answered stoutly, "Not this Christmas. Santa Claus might think I was greedy if I asked for all those things. If he just brings me the sweater and shoes and boat and things for mother, why, I'll have a gim-dandy Christmas."

The little girl was lost in admiration of a beautiful doll almost as large as herself, just like the one she had dreamed of for lo! these many nights—and years, too.

"Oh, if Santa Claus would only bring me that dolly I'd be *so* happy," she said wistfully.

"Is that all you want him to bring you, dear?" said the young lady in a wonderfully sweet voice. "Look at all these little houses and dishes and beds, and other pretty things! Don't you want some of these, too?"

"Yes, I would like them, but I want my dolly first, and some nice warm things for mother and buddie and me, and I wish he would bring us a nice turkey dinner for Christmas day, too."

"Well, we'll write your letter to Santa Claus for you, and now jump in the car, and I'll take you kiddies for a ride and then home. Won't that be fine?"

They danced about in their delight at really riding in a big automobile, and after being assured once more that their letter would be written, they ran out of the store, pulling the young lady and man after them in none too decorous a manner, and climbed into the car. The rugs were wrapped around them, snug and warm, and away they went, faster than anything they had ever experienced before, and into parts of the city that they had never heard about, nor thought could be. The streets and houses were all so beautiful, and the parks, too, where warmly clad children were playing. All too short was the wonderful ride, and too soon they were back among the familiar streets, and finally they came to their own little home. After waving good-bye, and promising to come to see them and their mother, their friends rolled away in the big car. Then they rushed into the house to tell their mother of the wonderful adventure, how the tall man and the beautiful lady had been *so* good to them, and that they were going to write to Santa Claus, so he wouldn't forget them this year, and all the things that had happened to them that afternoon. The mother found comfort in their happiness, for they were happy, as their bright faces testified. But deep down in her heart she prayed that nothing might bring disappointment to their happy spirits.

On their ride home the young people were making such complete plans for the Christmas of these little folks that a

disappointment would be an impossibility. As the day after to-morrow would be Christmas, all possible speed was necessary to make preparation for their own Christmas as well as for a Christmas for these little folks such as they had never seen. They guessed that provisions were low, so they ordered and had sent of them enough to last through the coldest months. After seeing to all these necessities, they bought ever so many things that would be luxuries to their little friends.

* * *

On Christmas Eve, the little mother with Buddie and Sister were sitting in front of a bright cosy fire made of the coal that their friends had sent. The children's faces were bright with anticipation, but the little mother's face grew sad at times because she thought those young people might forget that they had instilled in her children's breasts hopes that nothing but a visit from Santa Claus would ever satisfy, and if they should fail—But no such thoughts as these disturbed the peace and happiness of Buddie and Sister, for they just knew that Santa Claus would not be permitted to forget them, and soon mother helped them hang up their stockings by the chimney. After their prayers and good-nights were said, she tucked them in bed and went back to the fire. How long she sat there she did not know, but her musing was interrupted by the sound of an automobile stopping in front of their house. She could not imagine anybody that it could be except the new friends. Hardly had she come to this conclusion when she heard some one rapping softly, and opening the door, she heard a man's voice asking:

"Are Buddie and Sister asleep? We came late as we had a big surprise for them, and they must not see it until they wake up in the morning."

"Yes, they are asleep," she heard herself answering this man whose voice was strangely familiar.

He went back to the car and returned bearing aloft a small Christmas tree. The beautiful young lady came with him, carrying a box filled with decorations for the tree. As

he was putting the tree in the corner and propping it up so that it would stand, the mother ran to him and threw her arms about him, crying, "Oh, Hal! Is it really you? Tell me it is you! How often I have needed you."

"Why, Mary! Can it be true? I've been hunting for you all these years since you left me alone. Oh, Mary, I am afraid life has been hard for you."

There were tears in her voice as she answered, "Yes, dear brother, it has been hard, very hard indeed at times, but my children mean everything to me, and I have lived solely for them. It is useless to tell you anything about my husband. You can see how it has been almost from the very first. I have taught the children everything they know, and have tried to keep true to my ideals, but I have fallen short many times."

"Now all that will change, Mary, since I have found you. I mean, or rather we, Dorothy and I, mean to take care of you and the kiddies from now on. Dorothy is going to be your sister, Mary, and I hope that you two will love each other as much as I love you both. Will you?"

For answer the two women embraced each other, for each understood the other as only women can. Then as it was getting late, they turned their attention to the Christmas tree. Eagerly they put the candles and strings of popcorn on the tree. At the very top Hal placed a large silver star, just where it would be the first thing that the children would see in the morning, reminding them of the sweet and wonderful story of the Christ child. Then they filled the stockings so full of candy, nuts, fruit, and little surprises that they fairly bulged, and the big orange could hardly stay on top. Finally when everything was arranged to their satisfaction, Hal said,

"To-morrow, Mary, we are sending a Christmas dinner, and as there will be plenty for everybody and more, too, we hope you will ask us to help you and Buddie and Sister eat it."

"Would you come? They would be only too happy, and as for me, I would be overjoyed to have my brother with

me once more and to welcome my new sister. Do say you will come, if your relatives and friends can spare you."

"Oh, they can spare us all right, can't they, Dorothy? We'll come about one o'clock. Now we must go. Tell Buddie and Sister that I told them that Santa Claus would not forget them, and he never will again, either. Go to bed, Mary, and rest to-night, and we'll soon have you in more comfortable quarters."

Hal and Dorothy kissed Mary tenderly, and left. All the way home they were strangely silent. The peace which comes from helping others was in their hearts, and was creating a new bond of sympathy and love between them.

The next morning as dawn was breaking Buddie awoke with a start, and he sat up in bed, rubbing his eyes. He could not imagine at first where he was, as he had been riding all night with Santa Claus all over the earth, making every poor little girl's and boy's heart happy and glad by filling their stockings heaping full and running over. When he saw his own stocking looking so different from the way it had looked last night, and the tree with all its glories and the magnificent star, he waked Sister by crying out to her:

"Oh, Sister! Wake up and look! Santa Claus has been here, sure enough. Oh, mother! Come quick and let's see what he brought us!"

They scrambled out of bed and ran to their stockings, and then to the tree, not knowing which delighted them most, and for some time they shouted gleefully over not only the toys that they had asked for, but also over the many others that Santa Claus had brought. When they had thoroughly examined and enjoyed all their presents, their mother called them and said that she had one more gift for them, a very precious gift.

"One more, mother? What can it be?" they cried.

"A new uncle and an aunt."

"Oh, mother, a really truly uncle and auntie? Who can it be?"

"The tall young man and the beautiful young lady."

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CHRISTMAS CAROLS UP-TO-DATE

Christmas carols! We liked the picture that the words always called up, a picture of star-lit skies, snowy fields, gleaming home-windows, brave carolers tramping from home to home, and sweet voices singing reverently. This was all beautiful, and perhaps it was true—once upon a time, in far-off lands; but Christmas carols in the twentieth century, in America, sung out of doors in the heart of a city—this might be different. We wondered if the Christmas spirit of those other Christmas Eves could possess the city for even one night.

At least the *night* was one for carols, clear and still and starry. Some thought, just as soon as they stepped out under the stars, that they discovered the Christmas "feeling" in the air, and the imaginative said that it *looked* like Christmas Eve. Certainly the crowds that gathered in the churches of the city before marching down its streets were governed by a different mood from that which they showed on choir-practice or mission-study or teachers' meeting nights. Everybody smiled and seemed to be such friends!

There was no embarrassing rush for partners when the line was formed for march, because everybody was so glad to walk with the very person that was nearest him. The young school girl fell into step with the old man who could not resist coming out on that one night in spite of his better judgment, and if his step was brisker than usual because of his high spirits, hers was just as ready to slacken, so that they might keep side by side. The business man caught hand with a six-year-old, and his heart was as young as hers that night. The most popular debutante was walking by a little working girl, and engaged her in gracious and friendly conversation. The bashful school boy of twelve forgot his embarrassment in the presence of his teacher, and for that night they were real comrades. Everybody was everybody's friend, and so far we seemed to be living up to the spirit of the story-book carolers.

Then the Spirit of Christmas gained his triumph indeed when we stopped to sing the first carol. Faces grew sweet and serious, and voices became reverent, as they raised the sweet strains—

*It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold.*

Our hearts were in the singing. We were no longer standing on the paved walks of a city, but on those Bethlehem hills where "shepherds watched their flocks by night;" we were seeing a more glorious light than the arc light of a city; and we heard not the passing of street cars for the sweeter music that was in our hearts. Paved walks and electric lights and street cars mattered not at all—it was Christmas just the same!

Again we lived in that first Christmas Eve when we sang "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem," and again the hush came over our hearts at the notes of "Silent Night, Holy Night." This was not adventure or pastime; it was worship. There

was no longer any doubt that Christmas carols were still Christmas carols, though the time was the commercialized twentieth century, and the place, a busy city. It was Christmas in the heart.

Some of the cities have had the carols for several years at Christmas time. They would be just as sweet in your town of half a thousand, or your neighborhood of fifty. Why not start the Carol Movement at your home? If it is too late to begin for this year, at least begin to lay your plans for next year. Only give the carol singing one chance, and it will hold its place thereafter. Singing Christmas carols out under the stars with your friends and neighbors and fellow-townsmen will add something to your Christmas that you will not want to lose.



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"Not by Might, Nor by Power, But by My Spirit, Saith the Lord of Hosts."

The Georgia Students' Missionary League, of which our Professor Forster is the honored President, met at Cox College, College Park, in connection with the Y. M. C. A., on November the fifth, lasting through the seventh. Twelve of our girls went as delegates, and report a most profitable and enjoyable time. Among the interesting features of the Convention were the reports from the different colleges on the Status of Religious Interest and Activity, as shown in voluntary Bible and Mission study, in personal work, in social service, in Christian giving, and in the number of student volunteers. Wesleyan's report, given by Althea Exley, compared most favorably with the twenty or more reports given from the various colleges. Interesting addresses on the needs in the foreign fields were given by Miss Mary Culler White and Mr. O. E. Brown, both of whom have stood on the firing line in China. Mr. J. L. Murray,

educational secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, and Rev. W. J. Young, D.D., Professor of Missions, Emory University, gave helpful talks on "Voluntary Mission Study," and "The Place of Mission Study in the College Curriculum." These talks were followed up by a general discussion on mission study, in which students from the various colleges took part. Of especial interest were the short talks made during the Convention by Messrs. Y. Kim and D. W. Lim, Korean students of Emory University.

A luncheon and reception tendered the Convention by the faculty and students of Cox College were greatly enjoyed by all. On these occasions the songs and yells of the college boys and girls made the atmosphere lively.

The services of Sunday formed the climax of the Convention. Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, Chancellor of Oglethorpe University, delivered the Convention sermon at the eleven o'clock hour. His message was a great inspiration to the youth of Georgia. The evening address was given by Rev. W. F. Quillian, followed by a closing service of testimony and personal consecration. At this hour many testified to the strengthening influences of the Convention, and quite a number volunteered their lives for service in the mission field. The Convention closed with the regular chain of fidelity, all joining hands and singing,

*"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."*

Wesleyan rejoices that she can share with Mercer the honor of entertaining the Convention at its next session.

ALUMNAE NOTES

EDWINA TEASLEY, Editor.

Norma Dyal, '15, of McRae, was a visitor at Wesleyan for a few days while en route to Oxford to attend the house party of Miss King Kelly. Included among the guests were Misses Frances and Sara Noyes of Atlanta, former Wesleyan girls.

* * * * *

Annie Gantt, '13, of this city, had as her guest Miss Elizabeth McMaster of Waynesboro, who was at the College part of the time.

* * * * *

The friends of Elizabeth Baker will be glad to know that she is recovering rapidly from her recent operation.

* * * * *

Professor and Mrs. Clarence Boyd, of Oxford, announce the birth of a son. Mrs. Boyd was Miss Julia Dickey, '12.

* * * * *

Catherine Holmes of Culloden was a welcome visitor at the College in November. Miss Holmes was Seargent-At-Arms of her class and Business Manager of THE WESLEYAN.

* * * * *

Misses Lucy Coney and Sarah Lee Coney were the attractive guests of Cornelia Adams, '13, of Macon.

* * * * *

Ruth Credille, '14, of Fort Gaines, was the house-guest of Reverend and Mrs. J. G. Christian, of Macon. While in Macon she was at the College for a few days as the guest of Miss Annie Pet Powell.

Irene Gamble, '15, of Macon, who is teaching this winter at Cobbham, was at home with her parents for a few days during the Fair. Wesleyan was glad to include her again in the Chapel Service.

* * * * *

Miss Mary Culler White, a returned missionary from China, has been at the College a few days as the guest of her niece, Mary Emma White.

* * * * *

Concerning Anita Morgan, of the class of 1915, we have this paragraph from the Cuban Evangelist: "Misses Edith Lupton, Anita Morgan, and Minnie Jones are new teachers in Candler College, Central Mission branch. They have entered enthusiastically upon their work, and with Misses Lightsey and Cueto are rendering valuable aid to the pastors in the congregations and Sunday Schools."



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

RUTH WHITE

SARA CARSTARPHEN

The October number of the Emory Phoenix makes, on the whole, a pleasing impression. A careful balancing of material is indicated by the table of contents, and the presence of several faculty members on the list of contributors lends weight and dignity to the magazine. Of these contributions little need be said except that they are well worth the reading, and the board of editors is extremely fortunate to have such resources at their disposal.

The sketch "Judge Not" has a force and power of compelling interest not usually characterizing the writings of amateurs. Certainly it grips the attention, but the wisdom of using a contemporary event of such nature as the basis for a college magazine article is to be questioned. "The Lean Soul" exhibits the same facility of expression and thoughtful insight, while "Where Is My Wife" presents the comic side of a certain phase of existence with an almost utter disregard for the heart-break which must in all reality accompany the smile. The author of "Good Taste" has preached a splendid little sermon which should be taken more seriously than such exhortations usually are. The text, which was not supplied, might well be Ruskin's, "Tell me what you like, and I will tell you what you are." The poetry in this number, while of no great length, has the charm of simplicity and originality. Two other features are notable for their uniqueness. The sketch in the Hall of Fame is cleverly done and certainly such a department will always prove of interest to the friends of the victim, but the desirability of such a plan, in a student body numbering less than a thousand, is not very apparent. The periscope,

however, has a wide field for service, and as to the sentiments here voiced we can in perfect understanding extend a hand, while frankly acknowledging, "Shake, friend! We're with you." Certainly the Phoenix may well be congratulated on this splendid number; to read it critically has been a pleasure.

* * * * *

The leaves of Converse's Concept, while few in number, are filled from beginning to end with nothing but good things. The verses have the lilt and swing, the sparkle and life of real poetry, while the discussion of Kipling as a poet is unusually delightful. The technique of expression is excellent and the lines well chosen, while the surprise at not finding "If" referred to or quoted adds to rather than detracts from the whole. The longer stories, "Shif'less" and "A Game of Cards," are good in that they catch and hold the interest from the first. Both as to plot and handling they are to be commended, though one who does not know such people might conclude that "Shif'less" is overdrawn, and would not the adventure of the card prove more amusing were the overworked love element entirely omitted?

Each of the shorter sketches is found to be of interesting subject matter and clever treatment. Indeed, the Concept is, on the whole, an extremely creditable issue, but why was its table of contents omitted?

* * * * *

The Brenau Journal is gaily decked out in a striking cover, which serves to arouse expectations for good things beyond. One or two of the good things, however, become disappointments in that they are not quite up to the Journal's usual standards. "Romance," while a clever little rhyme, does not in seriousness approach near enough to real poetry to grace the first page of the first issue for the year. The two discussions of the woman question, though in themselves of merit, are on a theme which has been harped on so continually both in and out of college magazines that until something entirely new can be said on the subject, to

read constant repetitions is little short of tiresome. "The Message of the Pine" and "Bumblefoot" have the charm of the out-of-doors and the uniqueness of good stories with little plot, while the inevitable love story has action in abundance, but its effusive expressions brand it as an outburst of youthful enthusiasm. The sketch "Ten Days" is written with a finish and vividness not often found in amateur descriptions. Both as to subject matter and treatment, it is easily one of the most readable contributions of The Journal, and in its straightforward simplicity it adds much to the charm of the magazine.

* * * * *

The following magazines are acknowledged with pleasure, and their coming will be heartily welcomed during the remaining months of the year: Brenau Journal, Bessie Tift Journal, The Concept, The Era, The Emory Phoenix, The Emory Weekly, High School Forum, G. M. C. Cadet, The Pred, Wofford College Journal, St. Mary's Muse.



LOCALS

LALEAH WIGHT, Editor.

Miss R.: "Miss Cook, where did the early Christians hide while in Rome?"

M. C.: "In the catechisms."

* * * * *

T. M. (on being nominated president of the Irregular Class): "I resign the nomination."

New Girl: "I second the motion."

* * * * *

K. C.: "I've lost my 'Apostolic Age.'"

E. H.: "Oh, you must be younger."

* * * * *

Prof. Q.: "On what part of the fish does this parasite live?"

M. R.: "On the gulls."

* * * * *

K. C.: "Isabel certainly does enjoy life on Maffet's window seat."

M. A. S.: "Yes. She's very happy, notwithstanding."

* * * * *

A. J. (on seeing the words "Ochre Industry" flashed upon the screen at the picture show): "Of all the vegetables I do hate, it is okra."

* * * * *

Miss R. (in Pedagogy, suggesting type questions for Geography in primary grades): "What are the ways of entering a coal bed?"

L. L. (soliloquizing): "I always turn down the sheets."

C. H. (looking at an outline of the State Government):
 "Oh, I never heard of a petite jury."

* * * * *

Mrs. B. (trying to get the answer "beauty"): "Why, Kitty, just look out of the window and you can see it." Then, turning to look: "But, no! Wait till that Ford gets by."

* * * * *

From the sounds that were in the air a few nights ago, one would have thought the Germans were dropping a few bombs around Wesleyan, but the alarm was false, for it was only the girls finishing their toilet with a bang. The fad of cutting bangs spread like wild-fire, and many followed the leader for better or for worse, mostly the latter.

* * * * *

We are glad to see how quickly Prof. McKellar has become imbued with the Wesleyan spirit—even to the extent of finding himself a "T. L." among his brothers of the Faculty.

* * * * *

The Wesleyan girls made the Fair grounds literally ring with their gaiety on Governor's Day. We were especially interested in that day because we feel that we have a unique claim on our Governor, since he is one of Wesleyan's most beloved trustees. We were so glad that we could have a share in paying him honor by choosing his day as our holiday.

* * * * *

The organization of the Wesleyan Glee Club is a new feature of the Conservatory work. There is great enthusiasm among the students, and already a state-wide tour is being planned.

* * * * *

The program rendered by Miss Greenup and Prof. Maerz on October 26 delighted a large audience of music lovers.

The first number of the Artists' Recital Course was presented by Mme. E. Chilson-Ohrman, distinguished American Soprano.

* * * * *

The Alkahest Lyceum Bureau gave its first entertainment in the Chapel on October 31, by the Lyceum Arts Club.

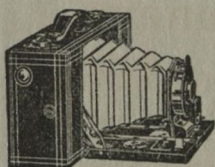
* * * * *

The monthly meetings of the Dramatic Club are always a source of enjoyment to the student body. After hearing their program we often wonder if there is not in our midst a future child of fame.

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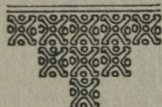
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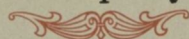
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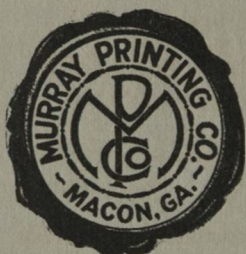
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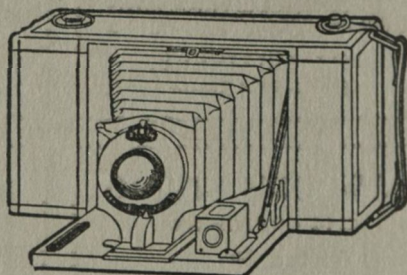


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